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A NEW WIDE AWAKE SONG.

A rail splitter onward I come
Unto my inauguration
And I am resolved to keep mum,
Until the heat of the nation
Our troubles plainly can show,
Of anxiety are but a part;
Only look how my whiskers do grow,
And yet there is nobody hurt!

About some things I'm not up to snuff;
In tariffs I have little learning;
But I feel a salary soon to be earning,
Our troubles you surely must know,
Are all in my eyespeck of dirt;
Only look how my whiskers do grow,
And yet there is nobody hurt!

For several years not a fig,
Thurlow West, nor yet Horace Greeley;
Winnic Scott is the man for my rig,
For he can do something, really,
What use about troubles to blow,
Of anxiety merely a squirt;
Only look how my whiskers do grow,
And yet there is nobody hurt!

So farewell to my auditors all—
Democratic, also Abolition;
Tag rag great, and bebbal so small;
I have nothing to say in addition.
Our troubles you surely new know,
Of anxiety are but a flirt;
Only look how my whiskers do grow,
And yet there is nobody hurt!

SPEECH OF

REV. DR. JOHN W. NEVIN,
OF LANCASTER,
DELIVERED IN THE DEMOCRATIC STATE
CONVENTION, HELD AT HARRISBURG,
FEBRUARY THE 21st AND 22d, 1861.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Convention.—It is hardly necessary for me to say that I am no party man; no politician, in the ordinary sense of the term. I have never before addressed a meeting like the present, and I assure you, with no small amount of diffidence to your call, to come before you now in this public way. In ordinary times, I should not have considered myself at liberty, indeed, to take part in the proceedings of any such political body. But, Mr. President, these are extraordinary times. We are in the midst of a crisis which goes beyond all ordinary party questions and issues—a crisis which is radical and revolutionary in its nature—a crisis which reaches to the very foundations of our political existence, and which, in this view, challenges the concern, and invokes the active character of every man in the country, in his personal character of citizen and patriot. The time has come when all who have any interest at stake on the safety of the country are bound to apply both mind and heart to the perilous condition of the country, and to join hand, also, so far as God may have given them any sort of power for the purpose, to the solemn, all necessary task of saving it, if still possible, from hopeless confusion and ruin.

One of the most discouraging things, in fact, connected with our national troubles is just the fact that it has been found so difficult, I might say impracticable, thus far, to establish, in this way, any direct communication between these troubles and the general minds of the people.—Men chosen on old party issues to represent the people, and bound themselves by party platforms made to suit the purposes of other times, and having no fitness whatever for the revolutionary crisis which is upon us, have insisted on considering themselves the only true representatives of the people still in these changed circumstances—and to make the matter worse, have insisted also on making their old platforms the necessary rule and measure of this representation. Could we well conceive of any greater absurdity? The very idea of pretending to deal with the life and death question through which the nation is now passing, by the mechanical formulas and stereotyped shibboleths of a platform which was got up for political purposes in a time of comparative quietness and peace, deserve to be set down as the most arrant political quackery. As little as one might hope to stay the course of a deadly fever by administering pills prepared for an ordinary fit of indigestion, so little may it be saved now by any similar doses of past party doctrine and rule. For my own part, I can have no patience with any platform of the past year applied to our present circumstances in any such mechanical way. Away with all such Procrustes' beds, employed to tyrannize in such a time as this over the free minds of free men.—No true public man, I am bold to say, no politician worthy of the name, no statesman of broad and comprehensive views, can be willing at the present time to stand party-bound, the slave of dead formulas and abstractions. What the country now needs is, above all things, to be delivered from all patent nostrums of this sort. A living revolution, to be guided aright

calls for the free, living activity of living men. It is a great misfortune then, I repeat, that the representatives of the people chosen before these troubles, and governing them, as it would seem, for the most part, by party views and principles belonging to a different state of things altogether, should claim, nevertheless, to be the only true exponents now of the popular mind and will through all these convulsions and dangers, and so refuse, week after week, and month after month to make room for the people to utter their feelings in regard to them, in their own name, and with their own proper voice.

Never was there a time in the history of the country when it was more important that the people, in their original private capacity and character, should have an opportunity, not only of thinking for themselves on the affairs of the nation, but of expressing also their collective thoughts and wishes in a perfectly free manner, untrammelled by all party technicalities and watchwords. The national trouble now upon us is organic, constitutional, having to do with the very life of the body politic.—It requires for its help, therefore, an organic movement on the part of the nation itself. The people must put themselves in motion. They cannot be saved by their rulers—least of all, by professional politicians. If saved at all, they must, under God's blessing, save themselves.

In these circumstances, sir, there has been in the hearts of many, for some time past, a growing desire, an inward cry, I may say, for some fit occasion and opportunity through which to have the sense—the present sense—of the people taken on the subject of our national difficulties as they now stand. With this feeling I have all along sympathized from the bottom of my heart. Especially has it appeared to me desirable and important that the mind of Pennsylvania should be known in this way; not by consulting her representatives either at Washington or Harrisburg, and not by appealing to her last State vote given when no one dreamed of what has since come to pass; but by securing for the people at large the opportunity of speaking directly for themselves, in full view of our public affairs as they show themselves at the present time. I have waited anxiously for some movement looking to this end, which might be without regard to party altogether, having for its object simply an unbiased expression of the mind of the people, so far as they should see fit to give utterance to it in such free way. It is this hope and wish, however, I have found myself, along with thousands and tens of thousands of others, woefully disappointed. It has required in the end as we all know, a movement of the Democratic party, in its established party organization, to meet in any way what

peaceful division, or coercion and civil war.—These questions we are bound to look steadily in the face, and to meet with some explicit answer in our own minds. With the progress of events they are rushing every day, of themselves, to a practical solution. We owe it to ourselves to consider how the solution in either case ought to come, and by some rational determination of this beforehand, to see that, so far at least as may depend on ours-lives, the conclusion shall not overtake us blindly and with helpless surprise.

The first alternative, as just said, is compromise with the Southern States, or separation.—In this simple form precisely the issue is now before the country. It is perfectly idle to dream of the idea of compromise, and yet demand an ultimate continuation of our national existence, in some form that shall be found to involve in the end the submission of the South to the wrong which it now supposes itself to be suffering at the hands of the North. Those who allow themselves to believe that the South may be either cheated or forced into any such submission, betray a wonderful want of acquaintance with the actual sense and meaning of the difficulty which now needs to be composed and settled between the Northern and Southern sections of the country. And it is hardly necessary to say, that the question here regards not simply the States which have already gone into secession, but the slave-holding States in general. The Border States South, it is true, have made thus far a noble stand against the spirit of disunion; but we have no right in the world to presume on this as any assurance that they will remain in the Union under all circumstances, and without regard further to the Southern idea of Southern rights. The very object of their patience and forbearance has been to allow time and opportunity for the amicable adjustment of their rights in the bosom of the Union itself. Let the South refuse to meet them in any such spirit of honorable compromise, and it is perfectly certain that they will also in a short time withdraw, and join themselves to the new Confederacy of the South.—To separation in this wholesale form it must assuredly come, if there is to be no compromise. This is the terrible alternative—this, and nothing less than this—to which in fact all seek to drive the nation who set themselves to oppose the policy of making what are called concessions to the dissatisfied spirit of the South. Let the terms of the dilemma be well considered and well understood. The watchword, no compromise, means simply in other words, neither more nor less, *Disunion*—two confederacies instead of one.

Those who oppose compromise speak of it often as though it were intended to mean merely a right on the one side to humiliate some party or weakness on the other side. This, however, is itself a wrong done to the South in the case before us, which must be felt to be wrong, and so given up, before any real progress whatever can be made in the work of solid and lasting reconciliation. Compromise here means no more favorable terms of Union than those which have existed before between the Northern and Southern portions of the country; it is merely the re-adjustment of the old terms, so explained and guarded as to secure their proper construction and right observance in all following time. The South claims to be in this difficulty the injured party, and charges the North with having virtually disowned the original spirit of the Constitution. Either the charge is right, or it is wrong. If it is wrong, there can be no room properly speaking, for any compromise, and any negotiation for the purposes, if it seem at all successful, must end in hypocrisy only, and falsehood. But if the charge be right, it must first of all, be felt and owned to be right. In that case, compromise becomes a settlement and correction of wrong, alike honorable to both sides. This, then, is the very first thing about which we need to have our minds fully made up, in this business of reconciliation. Has the Southern wronged in its constitutional rights the part of the North?

Those who deny this make a special merit commonly of standing by the Constitution, and it is, and charge the friends of compromise with a design to tamper in some way with its sacred principles. But when you come to examine the matter, it is found that what they mean by the Constitution is simply a certain construct of this organic law established for the time the authority of a reigning party. Their doctrine is, that what the will of a majority of nation may determine at any time to be the sense of the Constitution, that must be taken and held for the true sense of it, until it happens to be reversed and changed by the vote of some new majority, agreeing to think it different way. So, for the present, the sense of the Constitution is made to be the Chief platform, as sanctioned and endorsed in appearance by the late Presidential election. This is itself to violate the fundamental condition of the Constitution. Let this view prevail, and it would be enough of itself to provoke secession, not only here, on the part of the South, but on the part of Pennsylvania also, every other State possessed of a particle of self regard for its own rights: for in that regard the Constitution would be not a bond of union, but a mere organ of tyranny and oppression, at the service of any fanaticism might be able to lay hold of it for this end.

What we need to consider here is not such party construction of the Constitution, even the mere letter itself of the writer, but the spirit, the genius, the the national soul and life of the Constitution. That has been violated in a way injurious and

to the Southern States, is too plain, it is to me, to admit of any serious question. I thing in the world is certain historically, that the Constitution was intended to be a political union between the Northern Southern States, under which they should be allowed to maintain their separate institutions, respectively, without let or hindrance, and without any sort of mutual responsibility.

no other terms was it possible to unite these several independent Commonwealths in a common Confederacy. It lay in the very nature of the case, that the Constitution in these circumstances should know no North and no South, no slaveholding and no non-slaveholding States—that it should be perfectly neutral and indifferent to these distinctions, extending over them simply the shield of its common protection.—But the complaint of the South now is, that the original spirit of the Constitution in this view is no longer practically regarded on the part of the North, but that on the contrary a system of thinking has organized itself here, and gradually gained the ascendancy, which holds slavery to be simply tolerated by the Constitution, while it pretends to make it at the same time a party against the fair political equality of the Southern States, and an organ for undermining secretly the very pillars of their peculiar social system. Such is their complaint; and we must shut our eyes to the truth not to see that the complaint is only too well supported by facts.

In the circumstances, who will say that we ought not to own the reasonableness and propriety of the call which is made upon us to settle the difficulties which have now beset us in the way of concession and compromise; or that we should hesitate for a moment to do so on the basis which is proffered to us for this purpose, by Virginia and her associate border States? It should be no objection to such an arrangement, that it calls for some new adjustment of the Constitution. That does not imply any change in the spirit of the Constitution; it is merely the way in which suitable form and expression is to be given to this spirit, in order to insure its preservation more truly than before.

This, it seems to me, is the only course of wisdom in the case of those first alternatives, compromise or division. Let there be by all means compromise, sincere, full, and fairly satisfactory to the States which still adhere to the Union in the South. But suppose this refused, and the nation unhappily driven to the extremity of division, we are then at once confronted with another issue: Shall the separation be peaceful, with mutual consent and common settlement of terms, or shall it proceed through violence and blood, in the way of attempted coercion and consequent civil war? In the name of all that is sacred in humanity and religion, let us not hesitate about the answer with which this most solemn question is to be met. If we will not consent to respect the constitutional rights and reasonable demands of our brethren in the South—if we shut them out from the penalty and price of refusing to surrender basely what they conceived to be their proper rights—to think of compelling them to remain with us still, in spite of their purpose and wish.

On this subject it is of the utmost importance that the mind of the people generally, and above all now that the mind of the people of Pennsylvania, should be distinctly determined, and proclaimed abroad as it were on the four winds of heaven, before the time shall have come for theory to pass into actual work and deed.—We hear it said at times, that we must maintain the attitude of unbending authority and power, in order to open the way for peaceful negotiation, that absolute submission to the existing government must be insisted upon as a *sine qua non* of all settlement of our present difficulties, and that to give up openly before the idea of enforcing such submission, if need be, in the way of outward power, is in fact but to encourage the spirit of secession and treason. All this might sound well enough for ordinary circumstances and times. But when will men learn to make full earnest with the fact, that we are in altogether extraordinary times, in the throes, in truth, of a great political revolution, which must end in the dissolution of the separation and new birth of our national existence itself, and it can be no better, therefore, than political pedantry to think of going through with it by ordinary maxims and rules. Let us, in the name of common sense, be done with speculations and abstractions here, and set ourselves to deal with facts in their own character of facts. Let us not be children in this tremendous drama of real life, but let us act as reasonable and full grown men. Does any man in his senses believe, that a resort to force, under any circumstances, in this controversy with the South, can ever bring back any part of it to its true place again in the Union; or that the talk of coercion can ever carry with it the least weight there in favor of reconciliation and peace? And in the event especially of a general secession embracing all the slaveholding States, the event of which as an imminent possibility I am now speaking, must not every imagination of this sort become still more, I might almost say, infinitely insane? Can any threat of coercion operate with the weight of a feather, to prevent such States as Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, from throwing themselves into the arms of the new Confederacy, if such a course seem necessary to maintain their rights? Nay, is this very threat, or rather the backwardness which is shown to discern it, the studied reserve with which it seems to be held as a sort of rod behind the back, to be used hereafter as occasion may require, instead of being flung away at once as it should be—this it is, I say, which goes to irritate and inflame the mind of these States, and to make it difficult to bring our negotiations with them to an amicable and peaceful result.

“The Constitution,” says Andrew Jackson, “cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved, in opposition to the public feeling, by the mere exertion of the coercive powers confided to the General Government. The foundation must be laid in the affections of the people; in the security it gives to life, liberty, character, in every quarter of the country; and in the fraternal attachment which the citizens of the several States bear to one another,

as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of one another.” These are true and right words.—Let them be deeply pondered, and solemnly laid to heart, by all who care for the peace of their country at this time.

The idea of fighting for the preservation of the Union, in its present circumstances, is simply preposterous. No victory in such a war could deserve to be considered a triumph. No rational object could be gained by it in the end. It could be no better at best than national suicide in the most wholesale form. The very thought of it is something from which the soul turns away with unutterable horror and disgust.

But what is needed now is not simply an abhorrence of all such war, but an open, loud declaration on the part of the people that no war of the sort, with their consent, shall ever be allowed to take place. In other words, the time is already upon us, when to save ourselves from the vortex of misery into which we are in danger of being madly dragged in such form, the voice of the nation—the overwhelming conservative majority in particular of this State—should be heard proclaiming in trumpet tones no coercion! Let it be fairly known and understood, that Pennsylvania has no mind in this case to be ruled by the dictation of New England or the Northwestern States—that she is not willing to be made use of as their battle field in any war offensive or defensive against States so intimately related to her as those which border on the Potomac—that her adhesion to the Chicago Platform itself, so far as it went, was in no such sense as to involve any issue so madly desperate as this: let it be fairly understood, I say, that she is ready to protest against all force other than that of love and persuasion for the settlement of our existing difficulties, and the fact will be felt itself at once as a message of peace and a rainbow of promise throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Looking upon this Convention as an organ, created by the special providence of God for giving such voice to the true heart of the States as is needed at the present time, I trust that it may be enabled wisely and faithfully to discharge this high function and most deeply important office. I consider it a privilege, as I have felt it my duty also, to be here, and to make myself heard in your councils, both as an American citizen and as a minister of religion. May your work be so done, that it shall commend itself in the judgment and conscience of all good men, and what is still greater consequence, be crowned with the approbation and blessing of the great God in Heaven.

A Model.—A friend of ours is in the habit of visiting a very charming young lady about three times a week—perhaps oftener. It is not positively known there is an engagement, but the gentleman is so completely domesticated, that he enters the house without knocking, and if his lady love is not in the parlor, does not scruple to go up stairs in search of her. The other day he went through half a dozen rooms without seeing anybody, and at last came to the fair one's own chamber, but found the door locked.

“Are you in there, Mary?” inquired he, with a tender voice.

“Bless my heart, Charles, is it you! go away you scamp, you can't get in!” cried the lady, in great terpidation.

“I must, Mary,” said the young gentleman giving the door a shove, which threatened to break away all fastenings.

“For Heaven's sake, Charles!” screamed the lady, now in the last stage of terror, “go away this instant, I'm—”

“You're what?”

“I'm a model!” shrieked the lady.

At Haverhill, Mass., twenty-five persons with certain machinery, produce six hundred pairs of baby shoes daily. All the stitching is done by sewing machines run by steam—a combination of two great mechanical inventions.—Every operation, except fitting the shoe to the last, even the final polishing and cutting the pegs out of the inside to prevent them from hurting the foot, is performed by machinery. One of the greatest curiosities is the pegging machine, which inserts the awl, cuts out the pegs from a strip of wood, and drives them in, all at one operation, and so rapidly that it will peg two rows around the sole of a shoe in twenty seconds. The facilities in this manufactory are such that the raw calf skin and sole leather can be taken in at the basement of the building and in half an hour turned out in the form of a complete pair of shoes!

ANOTHER OLD SOLDIER GONE.—Mr. John Ludwig, an old soldier of the war of 1812, says the *Easton Times*, was buried with military honors on Monday afternoon a week. His remains were accompanied to their final resting place by detachments from each of our volunteer companies, the *Easton Beneficial Society*, and the citizens generally. Deceased was a private in Captain Nungesser's company, which marched from this place to Marcus Hook during the war of 1812, but was never called into action.

Must have married young.—In the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, whose name young, advanced coquettishly to the witness stand to give her testimony. What is your name? Virginia Loustat. Your age? Twenty five. [Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.] The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full-grown young man. Your name? said the Judge, Ladore Loustat. Your age? Twenty seven years. Are you a relative of the last witness? I am her son. Thunder! murmured the Magistrate; your mother must have married very young.

Two little niggers were playing in a cornfield when one of them exclaimed:—“Lorde! Pete, I sees a whoppin' big toad!”

“Whar 'um 'e? Sam, I can't see 'im.”

“Why thar—right thar! What am yer eyes, nigger?”

“Den hit 'im wid de hoe!”

Sam whaled away and brought Pete all up standing on one leg.

“Why, you dratted fool nigger, dat was my foot, and I seed 'im all de time!”

Mouths—an instrument to some people of rendering ideas audible, and to others of rendering visuals invisible.

A Yankee says that prejudices against color are very natural, and yet the prettiest girl he ever knew was Olive Brown.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is on one of them.

“Among all n y boys,” said an old man, “I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son, Aaron, who took after me with a club.”

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; yet, at one season, he always harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

Serpents they say, have power to charm. Eve probably learned the art in her famous interview with the serpent in the garden, and taught it to her daughters, and so womankind are charming.

Jerrold was enjoying a drive one day with a jovial spendthrift. “Well, Jerrold,” said the driver of a very fine pair of grays, “what do you think of my grays?” “To tell you the truth,” said Jerrold, “I was just thinking of your duns!”

To kill bed-bugs—tie them by the hind legs and then make mouths at them until you get them into convulsions, after which crawl around on their blind side and stomp them to death.

A lady, at her marriage, requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir, the hymn commencing:—

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.